

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

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The Poetry of Modern Improvements.

[The Patent Office may not be supposed to furnish much poetical pabulum; but we cannot forget that there was a time when bells were a modern improvement; and if these be a subject for poetry, why not the steam-heating apparatus? It is but proper to remark, however, that these lines are a reminiscence of the earlier form of the said apparatus, before some ingenious person found that he could diminish the racket by giving a gentle slope to the pipes; and the last stanza refers to a winter long ago, when Brother Euphrasus had charge of the steam-house.]

I.

Hear the clicking of the steam—
Genial steam!
What a world of comfort does its radiation seem!
In the frosty air of morning,
Ere the customary warning
To arise;
As you doze—doze—doze—
Protracting your repose,
With a tendency to open in your eyes.
How it tingles;
How it mingles
In your fragmentary dream—
Does the clicking of the steam—
Does the seething and the breathing of the steam.
Dreaming of a coming fortune,
While a whiff of something scorchin'
Greets your nose!
'Tis a mighty conflagration in a South Bend clothing store,
And the heated blast is making you perspire at every pore,
And you wish some one would fan you
As you issue with a bran-new
Suit of clothes—
You awake and find the same old duds still hanging as of
yore
At the corner of your bed,
And you scratch your puzzled head,
In half-awake perplexity accounting for your dream—
For the strange concatenation of ideas in your dream—
'Twas the steam!
'Twas the steam—steam—steam—steam—steam—steam—
steam!

II.

Hear the racket of the steam—
Noisy steam!
What a world of trouble does its turbulency seem!
With its rattle—rattle—rattle—
Like a big stampede of cattle,
Or a cannonade in battle,
It distracts the old Professor from his everlasting theme:
"Prehistoric prototypes,"
As his glowing face he wipes,
With a much offended air—

With a sanguinary glare—

With a mad gesticulation and a grin of grim despair

At the pipes,

As they thump and they jump,

With the pump—pump—pump—

With the pumping and the humping of the steam

To the student what a blessing—

He that, knowing not his lesson,

Still may keep his lips performing, and intelligently gleam:

'Tis all that is required—

His proficiency's admired,

And he owes a reputation to the steam—

To the steam, steam, steam, steam, steam, steam, steam,—

To the thumping and the pumping of the steam.

III.

Mark the silence of the steam!

Absent steam!

What a world of misery its consequences seem!

How you shiver—shiver—shiver—

While a congelating river—

Seems to trickle—trickle—trickle

With a paralyzing quiver

With an agonizing tickle,

Down your spine!

How that shuddering, icy stream,

In the absence of the steam,

Pervades your nervous system till sensation you resign.

If you send a requisition

To the steam-house—a petition,

You are told to look and see the solar luminary shine—

See the sun shine unobscured in the sky.

Though the sky it may be clear, oh!

The thermometer's at zero,

And no one but a Nero

Your petition would deny.

But the people—they who spurn us—

They who regulate the furnace

And exercise untrammelled jurisdiction o'er the coals—

And exercise discretionary sway upon the coals—

They refuse to hear our cry:

"They are neither man nor woman—

They are neither brute nor human—

They are ghouls."

Thus we quote the words of Poe,

And our indignation show,—

Yes; we vent our indignation in a scream—

In the utterance of a loud, unearthly, weird, satanic scream,

At the failing of the steam—

Of the steam, steam, steam, steam, steam, steam, steam,—

The railing at the failing of the steam.

JUSTIN THYME.

The Spanish Inquisition.*

Of the many false accusations heaped upon the Catholic Church, few are of greater malignity and, at the same time, with less foundation in fact than those concerning the Spanish Inquisition. The brush of the painter and the pen of the writer have depicted in the most glowing colors the woes and sufferings of men whose only offence, it is claimed, was the practice of what they believed to be the truth,—in other words, apostasy from the Catholic faith. Nor has the orator hesitated to abuse his divinely-bestowed gift in connection with the same subject.

The effect of these combined forces against religion is too well known to need comment from me. The great mass of the people, being uneducated, are easily led astray by an elegant style of composition, and much more so by the persuasive art of oratory. Their passions are immediately inflamed on the perusal of the first few paragraphs of such composition, but reason itself seems to leave them when attacked by the irresistible power of oratory. They are hurried along by deceitful men to frightful conclusions. They never think of stopping to reason; or if the thought does occur, it is immediately stifled in its birth. Thus, minds are led astray by an exterior beauty, which, like that of the Dead Sea-apple incloses nothing but bitterness, and repays credulity with disappointment.

The subject which concerns us now is one, the proper treatment of which is sufficient to add honor to the most gifted writers of our day—one demanding the utmost philosophical and historical research. No wonder, then, that one who is yet but a mere school-boy shudders at the thought of undertaking such a task. Therefore, I may well crave your lenience, should I not fully meet your expectations.

In treating this subject we must consider, first, whether the Spanish Inquisition was an ecclesiastical or a civil tribunal; and secondly, whether the number of the condemned was as large and the punishments inflicted as severe as anti-Catholic writers maintain.

We have only to glance at the state of political affairs in Spain at that time, in order to ascertain that the Spanish Inquisition was an institution founded upon civil authority. For nearly eight hundred years Spain was involved in a sanguinary and doubtful war with that terrible enemy of the Christian name—the Moors. After a long series of successes and failures, she at length managed to overcome her dreadful enemy and to recover the territory which had been taken from her. At the close of this war, that is, during the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, Spain was at the zenith of her national greatness. There were, however, certain Moors whom the clemency of this Government permitted to remain on her soil, even though they were previously her bitterest enemies. Some of these, through policy, others through motives

more or less sincere, became affiliated to the doctrines of the Catholic Church. There were also large numbers of Jews who, through their extortion, had amassed immense wealth. The Spaniards, with more or less justice, suspected these two elements of conspiring to overthrow the Government.

It was under this heat of political excitement that Ferdinand and Isabella—and even then the latter with great reluctance—consented to call to their assistance the aid of this famous tribunal. It was not their intention to have anything to do with religion whatever, but merely to protect their State. And as these Moors, who pretended to be Christians and friends of the Government, naturally became the more odious, not only on account of their hypocrisy and perfidy, but above all on account of their base ingratitude, it resulted that heresy, which was a certain criterion of disloyalty, was numbered among the thirteen offences against the State of which this tribunal had cognizance. We may see from this that there were sufficient temporal motives for establishing this tribunal, without considering the additional one of religious zeal.

Leopold Ranke, a non-Catholic writer, states—“The inquisitors were royal officers. The king had the right of appointing and dismissing them. . . . It was to no purpose Ximenes scrupled to admit into the Council of the Inquisition a layman, nominated by Ferdinand the Catholic. ‘Do you know,’ said the king, ‘that if this tribunal possesses jurisdiction it is from the king it derives it.’” In another place he goes on to state: “It was in spirit, and tendency above all, a political institution. The Pope had an interest in thwarting it; and he did so as often as he could. But the king had an interest in upholding it.” Such is the testimony of an enemy to the Church,—of one who had nothing to gain by so testifying, but everything to lose. I might also quote from several others in support of my statement, such as De Maistre and Lacordaire; and in our own times, that much-renowned orator, Bishop Spalding, not to mention the masterly defense made by our own most esteemed Bishop—Rt. Rev. Joseph Dwenger. But as our time is so limited, I will proceed to the other point, that is: Were the statements made by anti-Catholic writers as regards the numbers condemned and the punishments inflicted true or not? We claim that they were not.

As a foundation for their arguments on this point; anti-Catholic writers claim that the entire proceedings of this tribunal were strictly secret. If this were so, I would like to know through what miraculous agency they discovered all its rules of procedure—who the inquisitors were, who the condemned were, and many other accompanying circumstances? Can any body be called a secret organization when we know who they are that meet, the time, the place, the circumstances and the object of their meeting? Not one of the bitterest enemies of the Church will affirm the above, and yet they have the audacity to call it a secret organization. That it was secret in one way, I

* Essay read before the Archconfraternity, Dec. 7, 1884, by JAMES J. CONWAY, '85.

will not deny. But this secrecy consisted in concealing the person of the accused from the regular State Courts until he was found guilty and proved impenitent. Was not this secrecy a source of honor to the institution rather than one of reproach? That the atrocities said to have been committed by this tribunal were greatly exaggerated, even Voltaire himself admits. Far be it from me to seek wholly to vindicate all the actions of this tribunal. There were many crimes, as black as they possibly could be, perpetrated through its agency; such, for example, as the abuse of authority. But that the Catholic Church was in any way accessory to their commission, I, not simply as a Catholic, but as a lover of truth, indignantly deny.

It is also charged with convicting large numbers without sufficient testimony. This assertion may be refuted in three ways: In the first place, it never convicted a single person at all, for the exercise of its jurisdiction was of a very different nature. It is painful to the seeker of truth to be obliged to listen to men—yes, learned men, but whose early training has perverted their minds,—it is painful, I say, to be obliged to listen to such persons enumerating the thousands who were sentenced to death by this tribunal. Why, they might as well talk of a grand jury passing its sentence. And, indeed, Bishop Spalding, in his short but learned treatise on "Mr. Prescott's View of the Spanish Inquisition" compares this tribunal to the modern grand jury. The fact of the matter is, they could not convict any person for any offense whatsoever; they merely examined his case, and if the person was found guilty of the offense charged against him, it sent him to the higher civil court for trial, the result of which might be either conviction or acquittal, just as it saw fit. The only material difference between it and the grand jury being that it gave the accused an opportunity of defending himself by making known to him the offense alleged, and if found guilty, he was granted his liberty if he repented; while with the grand-jury repentance cut no figure at all, neither had the accused any reason to suspect himself charged with the commission of any offense till the sheriff had him safely secured in jail to await his trial, unless he gives sufficient bonds for his appearance at court. Such is the difference between this horrible institution and our grand jury; a fact which gives some justice to the remark of a learned author, when he says that "it might be held up as a model for our more modern legal institutions?"

The second way in which this statement may be refuted is by showing that sufficient testimony was required. The offense alleged to have been committed had to be testified to by at least three impartial witnesses before the accused was even arraigned. After that he had a chance to prove his innocence; but if he could not do this, repentance was all that was necessary to restore him to liberty. To arraign him again for a repetition of the offense, three different impartial witnesses had to testify against him, and again, on repentance, he was set at liberty. It was only

after he had committed the same offense three times, and every time found guilty by three different impartial witnesses, that he was handed over to the higher civil court of justice.

Now, I would like to know where is there a civil court in the world to-day exercising such clemency? What did anti-Catholic writers want the inquisitors to do? Could it be considered cruel or in any way oppressive to deliver to the law of the land for an impartial trial one who had been so accused and broken his word of honor, not to mention his despicable hypocrisy.

The assertion may also be refuted by proving that the authority upon which it is founded is not reliable. This I shall also endeavor to do; but first, I must make reference to another statement which is equally as false, and founded upon the same authority. It is claimed that the accused were tortured by the inquisitors in order to extort from them a confession of their guilt. I will not enter into the details upon this point, as I take it for granted that my hearers can see from the foregoing arguments the absurdity of any such accusations. It is true that the higher civil courts tortured the accused for that purpose, but with those courts we have nothing to do. But even in their defense the fact may be stated that it was an almost universal practice at the time. As to the men upon whose authority anti-Catholic writers base their arguments, I will mention but the names of four. Leopold Ranke, whose statements we have found so favorable to the Catholic cause, and who consequently needs no further comment from me; Prescott, with whose writings most of us are familiar, and whom we know to be a gross exaggerator, if not a downright falsifier, and whose authority I will consequently leave for yourselves to decide; also Limborch and Llorente, upon whose characters I will try to make a few remarks.

Limborch was a native of Holland, and a member of one of the Calvinistic sects; he lived at a time when Holland and Spain were inimical to each other. The state of political affairs existing between those two countries at that time, and also the antipathy of the religion of Holland (Calvinism) for that of Spain, suggested to him the thought of writing his infamous history. Besides his personal hatred for the Catholics and the Spaniards, he had a twofold object in preparing such a work: he knew that his countrymen would applaud his act; he also knew that no other work which he could write would be of so great a source of pecuniary profit to him; not to mention the fact that he was very unpopular at the time, and wished to gain the sympathy of his countrymen. In view of these facts, can any one give credit to such an author?

The last authority that I will seek to disprove is the most infamous writer that ever penned a line about the Inquisition, Don Juan Antonis Llorente. He was a native of Spain and a Catholic priest, and though he held positions of favor in his native country, being for two years an inquisitor and afterwards a canon of Toledo, yet his insatiable

ambition caused him to turn traitor to his country and to espouse the cause of France. . . Shortly after this act of baseness, he became a favorite and even a counsellor of the king of France, Joseph Bonaparte. He was requested by this prince to write a history of the Inquisition in Spain. A second request from such a quarter was unnecessary. He did write a history, and one that will perpetuate his name till the end of time as synonymous with everything contemptible. His depraved nature may be read from its pages with far more accuracy than the history of the Inquisition. Audacious as well as wicked, he makes the most extravagant and unfounded assertions that can be imagined. It would be endless to sum up the several thousands of victims claimed by him to have been condemned by this tribunal, that were never even examined by it. It mattered not to him whether he made correct statements or not, so as he could serve up a dish agreeable to the palate of his royal patron. His only object in life seemed to be ambition. To this, his idol, he sacrificed not only his spiritual but also his temporal happiness. As I stated before, he was a priest, but upon his entrance into political affairs, he doffed the cassock and shamefully broke his vows of celibacy. Prosperity seemed to follow his every undertaking. But as the happiest hour must have an end and the most fascinating pleasures soon sink into oblivion, so, too, on the decline of Bonaparte's greatness, had Llorente's prosperity to cease, and that most absorbing pleasure of his existence, insatiable ambition, to suffer a wreck which all the power of his corrupted, yet somewhat brilliant, mind could not avert.

Seeing that his royal patron's power was on the decline, he sought to regain favor with Spain. Accordingly, at the age of 66 years, he even wished to betray his adopted country, and went so far as to conspire against her. But his dissimulation, flattery, and hypocrisy were now of no avail. His offers being rejected by the Spanish sovereign, he sought to wreak his vengeance on both his country and religion by additional lies against the one and ridiculing the practices of the other. At length, in the 67th year of his life, he returned to Spain, and there breathed his last, an alien in his native country. Thus ended the career of the infamous Llorente—a traitor to his country and his God. I have dwelt this much upon the life of this man, simply because he is the fountain-head from which all the more modern anti-Catholic writers drink in their pretended knowledge of this subject. Such is the authority upon which nearly all the information regarding those frightful cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition are based. As to the certitude resulting from it, I will not so under-value the intelligence of my hearers by commenting upon it. O! did writers upon this subject but examine the character of this man, would they not blush while quoting him as an authority? But as I do not wish to engage any more of your time, I must abruptly hasten to the close. We can perceive from the few imperfect remarks which I have made how unfounded are the charges laid to the Spanish Inquisition, and

how unconnected with the least of them is the Catholic Church. It is only necessary to consider the inconsistency of these arguments and the authority upon which they are founded to place this objection in the category of the many vicious attacks upon that unshaken Rock of Ages.

Noel.

L'univers épuisé de carnage et de sang,
Voyait fleurir la paix et vivait d'espérance.
Romains, Juifs et Gentils, dans un profond silence,
Attendaient le Sauveur tournés vers l'Orient!

Le Ciel s'ouvre, et pour l'homme un Dieu se fait enfant :
O miracle d'amour, de grâce et de puissance!
Il naît dans une étable, et son humble naissance
Ecrase du démon l'empire triomphant!

Proclamez aux Pasteurs la gloire du Très-Haut,
Anges de l'Eternel! Messagers d'harmonie,
Chantez de l'Enfant-Dieu l'adorable berceau!

Bientôt les Rois, guidés par un astre nouveau,
Viendront offrir l'encens, l'or, la myrrhe au Messie,
AU FILS DE JÉHOVAH, DONT LA MÈRE EST MARIE.

S. F.

Madame de Sevigne.

Two eminently original writers adorn the reign of Louis XIV: La Fontaine in fable, and Madame de Sévigné in epistolary writing. To these we might also add Molière; but the personality of Molière is less characteristic. All these three are *inimitable*, and especially Madame de Sévigné.

Maria de Rabutin-Chantal, Marquise de Sévigné, belonged to that family which counted among its members the Blessed Chantal. She was born February 5, 1627, as is generally believed, at Burgogne in the old château of Bourbilly. She was but a year and a half old when she lost her father, who, it was said, was slain by Cromwell at the time when the English came to the assistance of Rochelle and the Protestants of France. M. de Chantal opposed in vain the descent of the English on the Isle of Ré. The artillery of the enemy's fleet destroyed the little band of volunteers that he commanded. A short time afterwards Mademoiselle de Rabutin lost her mother; for, from the year 1636, the orphan had as tutor her maternal grandfather, M. de Coulanges. The orphan passed her first years in the pretty little village of Sucy, situated in the environs of Paris.

M. de Coulanges soon followed his daughter to the tomb, and from that time the uncle of Marie Rabutin, Christopher de Coulanges—the Abbé of Livry—took the place of a father to her. This was happy for Marie. Her uncle was the best and most faithful of tutors. Of this there can be no doubt, when, as the sequel shows, she placed herself in her widowhood again under the protection of the Abbé of Livry—her *good uncle*, as she

called him,—and when, fifty years afterwards, she mourned his death with the most filial expressions of grief. The learned Menage and Chaplain were the professors charged to open to her the sources of literature, and initiate her into the beauties of the sacred vale. The portraits that have come to us of this remarkable woman represent her with frank, open countenance, beautiful blonde hair, and a look majestic in its sweetness.

Marie de Rabutin had need of all the resources found in the cultivation of letters to enable her to support the trials experienced in her union with the Marquis de Sévigné. She soon saw herself brought to weep over the tomb of her husband, who had been killed in a duel.

From that time Madame de Sévigné marked out for herself a plan of life from which she never deviated. All her happiness and glory are owing to her firmness and devotedness. The excellent principles of religion formed the basis of her conduct. In all the critical events of her life she had recourse to them, and drew from them those powerful consolations which the afflicted can ever find therein.

But whilst trusting to God the success of her undertakings, she did not neglect any of those means which might accomplish that end. Aided by the counsels of the Abbé de Coulanges, she had the greatest order in the administration of her goods, employing that zeal and scrupulous attention which assure the ease and even the prosperity of a house. She occupied herself especially with the education of her son and daughter. To this she gave her whole attention, sacrificing pleasure to duty, or, rather, finding her pleasure in the accomplishment of this appointed task. Her wise economy never had any influence on the expenses which her rank in society and the future of her children demanded. Her taste was simple and honorable. She represented her state with dignity, and condemned only that negligence and extravagance which sooner or later bring ruin and often dishonor to a family. Her frankness in everything, her good sense, gave her the taste for economy; the counsels of her uncle gave her the understanding of it. We are astonished to see this woman, whose mind was naturally borne to those spheres where grace, letters and the fine arts reign, adapt herself so easily to the minute details of the interior, and leave the study of poetry and prose for the cold calculations of right and possession. "She knew well how to buy and sell lands, hire and oversee workmen," say the several biographers who have seriously occupied themselves in recounting these facts of the life of Madame de Sévigné.

During the first years that followed her widowhood she seems to have been entirely absorbed in the administration of her affairs and the education of her children. In 1654 we find her in the most brilliant society in Paris, where she captivated all by her grace and her mind. She was a constant member of the circles of Madame de Montausier. It is to this period that must be assigned all the grand and glorious relations which Madame de Sévigné contracted in the world of letters.

Still in the midst of all her occupations she did not lose sight of the future of her children. On the 29th of January, 1669, she gave the hand of her daughter to the Count de Grignon, whose character and tastes she has depicted in her letters. A short time afterwards she procured the appointment of her son to a military charge. "This happy mother believed," says Perrin, "that in bringing about the marriage of her daughter with a man of the court, she could pass her life with her. But some time after, M. de Grignan, who was Lieutenant-General of Provence, received orders to go thither, and was almost always after the commander, in the absence of the Duke de Vendôme who was Governor. Then there commenced for Madame de Sévigné a second widowhood, more painful perhaps than the first. I speak of the frequent absence of her daughter, to which we owe the letters of the mother." Thus this separation, these absences—wherein the mother counted the miserable days—have become the happy moments of posterity; for to her pain, to her happiness at these times, may be attributed those letters which have become the delight of after-ages.

It was not only maternal love which suffered in Madame de Sévigné. One need but look over her letters to see how truly devoted she was to friends. The misfortunes of Cardinal de Retz, a relative of her husband, plunged her into the deepest affliction. But the trial of Fouquet, the protector of La Fontaine, was one of those decisive events which serve to make us appreciate the fidelity of her friendship, which displayed itself especially in days of adversity. She transmitted all the details of the trial to the Marquis de Pougson, then an exile on his estate. In doing so she was not free from apprehensions. She feared, and with reason, that her journal would be intercepted. Nevertheless, this fear did not prevent her from openly showing her attachment for their common friend, and her indignation against his persecutors. Twelve letters treat of the disgrace and the trial of the superintendent. These twelve letters, so many monuments of fidelity towards a friend in misfortune, rendered Madame de Sévigné worthy to be placed by the side of Pelisson and La Fontaine.

The Abbé de Vaucel thinks that there is a great difference between the letters written before the trial of Fouquet and those written some years afterwards. The remark is true. The style is no longer the same. Its coloring, lightness and brilliancy have disappeared. It is no longer the same pen which writes, the same brush which paints. The reason can be easily conceived. The imagination of Madame de Sévigné had taken the alarm. She fears, she hesitates; she is no longer herself. And that is precisely what gives new value to these twelve letters. Nevertheless, it must not be imagined that she reached at the first bound this superiority in epistolary art, which her imitators must ever despair of attaining. Although her style, naturally fresh and facile, nowhere betrays the evidences of labor, it is yet evident that practice made her acquire an ever-increasing suppleness. What enchanting grace marks every

page of her letters! How charmingly all her ideas are expressed! Never did the definition of the celebrated Buffon—the style is the man—find a juster or more striking application. You find the writer in every line of her letters. Her heart, her wit, is everywhere to be seen. In the most frivolous narratives, as well as in the sagest reflections, you will find her goodness of heart and her maternal solicitude. To converse with her daughter is her greatest happiness—it is her whole life. Other matters are of no importance to her. For her daughter alone she keeps, to use her own words, “the flower of her head, of her eyes, of her pen.” “To read your letters,” she says elsewhere, “and to write to you is the business of my life. Everything must give way to this. And to love you as I love you, makes me find all other loves frivolous.” (June 26th, 1675.)

At all events, since that time the life of Madame de Sévigné may be summed up in her letters. A few short trips; the death of some of her friends; the campaigns, dangers, hopes and marriage of her son; the checkered career of her daughter, were the only events of her life. Her last trip to Provence was undertaken May the 10th, 1694. The following year she witnessed all the rural magnificence which attended the marriage of the Marquis de Grignan, her grandson. The state of sickness into which he soon fell gave her the liveliest anxiety. She was so afflicted by it as to fall sick herself. Ten days afterwards she was no more. She was nearly seventy years of age. She was buried in the college church of Grignan. It has been said, but without truth, that during the French Revolution, when nothing was respected, not even the sacredness of the grave, the tomb of Madame de Sévigné was violated. We may still read the inscription on the tombstone, under which repose the remains of this remarkable writer; of this mother whose maternal love and wit had won for her an immortal glory.

E. P. D.

Christmas.

Christmas, happy Christmas!

List the chime of bells

Speeding on the breezes,

O'er the hills and dells!

Upward to the heavens

Glides the joyous chime,

To the Throne ascending,

Happy Christmas time!

Christmas, happy Christmas!

Christ on earth was born,—

Peace restored to mankind

On that happy morn;

Humble in a manger

Peacefully He lay,

Pomp hailed not His coming

On that happy day.

Sinful sons of Adam,

Hasten to adore.

Kindest Prince of princes,
Love Him ever more;
Take Him to your bosom,
Flee all earthly crime,
Cherish e'er your Saviour
At this happy time.

Christmas, happy Christmas!
Joy in every breast,
Lightsome hearts beat freely,
God of Love caressed;
Let us greet the Saviour,
Holy and sublime,—
Joyful, hail His coming,
Happy Christmas time!

J. McC.

Revenue Reform.

One of the first measures that should engage the attention of the next Congress is that of revenue reform. Under the present system, a sum varying from \$85,000,000 to \$130,000,000 is annually collected in excess of what is required to meet the expenses of the Government. The system, if continued, cannot but seriously affect the prosperity of the nation. The taking of this sum from the legitimate channels of trade causes a corresponding decrease in the volume of currency of the country, more or less tending to cripple every industry. Facts speak louder than words: already its effects are felt in the depression of business. In what way is this change to be brought about?

We find that a large part of the national revenue is derived from duties laid on imports. It would appear, then, that the remedy is simple—remove or reduce the duties in part. Such duties as now exist were not all laid for the purpose of filling the coffers of the nation, but for the so-called protection of the manufacturing interests. The moment the manufacturers hear of a proposed reduction in this direction they raise the alarming cry that if such measures are carried out they cannot continue their business; that the laborer will be thrown out of employment, and that hard times, generally, will be the result. If their business is sustained by no better foundation, than a system which enables them to charge forty or fifty per cent. more for their wares than they are worth elsewhere, then, from a business point of view, their concerns are monstrosities, and the sooner we are rid of them, the better.

We find, however, that many of their claims have no foundation. They are simply put forward because those monopolists see they have grown rich at the expense of their fellow-men; that their greed for gain is unsatisfied; that, in their pampered condition, they do not like to descend into the arena of life and take their chances with the rest of mankind. We often see that their cries are only those of the alarmist. Only a few days ago, an iron firm, whose cry for protection equals the loudest, contracted with the Canada Pacific to furnish the latter with steel rails at \$28. per ton.

At these prices English manufacturers were unable to compete. Yet, six months ago, this firm was selling its rails at \$40 per ton, at the same time declaring that a reduction in duties would destroy their business, because they could not compete with foreign manufacturers. Numerous instances of like nature can be cited, where American wares, highly protected at home, are placed in foreign markets in competition with foreign wares.

Many seem to have the impression that all our manufactories are protected; that protection, like the dews from heaven, falls upon all, invigorating in some mysterious manner every industry. A large per cent. of our factories are run without protection. Take, for example, Illinois; in 1880, she ranked third in the value of manufactured products. The larger part of these consisted of machinery or mechanical implements. On these the tariff laws have no effect except to increase the value of material, which entered into their construction, and thereby decrease the sales.

Agriculture, either directly or indirectly, occupies the attention of two-thirds of our population. Our farmers have to compete in the markets of the world with the lately-emancipated serfs of Russia; with the sepoy of India, and every class of cheap labor on the face of the globe. Our farmers look to the Liverpool markets as the indicator of the prices they will receive for their products. Not only are they without protection themselves, but they annually pay out of their earnings over half a billion dollars, in order that monopolists, who claim they have not business tact enough to conduct their business on business principles, may thrive.

Besides, of late years, they have had to pay into the treasury large sums to be withdrawn from the channels of trade, and finally to tempt scheming jobbers. The laborer, when he goes to the factory door must compete with the laborer of the world. He is offered the lowest price his labor commands; he has the alternative of accepting or remaining idle. The moment he ceases, through any cause, to perform his work, or another is found who will do it cheaper, he is discharged. He is offered no protection except, perhaps, that afforded by the poor-house.

There is another industry we are wont to ignore, that is, foreign commerce. A quarter of a century ago this was in a comparatively flourishing condition. Now, as far as the United States is concerned, it may be said to have no existence. While our statesmen have been directing their energies to sustain industries that sooner or later will have to stand alone or fall, they have annihilated an industry which to other nations is an important source of wealth—which has made England the wealthiest, if not the greatest, nation of modern times. Instead of entering the lists to obtain a share of that which is naturally ours, we stand back and complain because the carrying trade is wrested from us.

It is not wisdom to suddenly disturb long-established customs; but the suicidal policy of annually collecting one hundred million more revenue than

the expenditures of the Government require should be remedied at once. After this, the system should gradually be regulated to business principles. Then, with a fair field and no favors, may we look to see our country move on to that prosperity which her resources and the skill of her people warrant.

P. J. GOULDING.

Christmas Eve.

(From the Christmas Chant of the Breton Peasants.)

Then, in concord, perfect, sweet,
Tones of youths and maidens meet;
And they gladly sing together,
This auspicious hour to greet:
"Sing to-night, for Christ is born!
Lo, on high the star of morn!
And it shall not fade forever,
Nor its brilliancy be shorn.
Sing! deliverance from our woes,
By the blood that overflows
And renews the son of Adam,—
He no longer burdened goes.
Sing! because it is His feast:
Join the princes of the East,
Bring Him gifts amid rejoicing—
He will smile upon the least!
Sing! while Christmas crowns ye weave;
On the cross a garland leave.
Lo, the world's one Virgin-mother
Heals the hurt that came of Eve!"

Art, Music and Literature.

—Miss Mary Anderson, says the *London Weekly Register*, has determined to revive the play of *Cymbeline*, to which end Mr. Lewis Wingfield is busily engaged in designing Romano-British scenes and costumes. Miss Anderson will, of course, play the part of Imogen.

—Reuben R. Springer died in Cincinnati on the 10th inst. He was widely known for his magnificent gifts to the public of that city in the form of the Music Hall, the Exposition buildings, and the College of Music, to which, within the past nine years, he contributed about \$300,000. He was 84 years old.

—Prof. Ruskin has announced the abandonment of his public lectures. He has done his best to regulate the rush to his lecture room, but he has been beaten in the struggle against his own popularity, and feels compelled to confine his lectures for the future to his own pupils and their friends.

—The Dean of Clonfert has in the press a work on "The General Principles of the Structure of Language." Messrs. Trübner are the publishers. The work contains grammatical sketches, drawn up with great minuteness, of about 120 languages, African, American, Oceanic, Asiatic, and European. —*Athenæum*.

—A forthcoming work of some interest on both sides of the Atlantic is "The Life and Letters of Joel Barlow," an American poet who travelled much in Europe, and whose papers are said to illustrate, amongst other contemporary matters, the fatal Russian campaign of the first Napoleon. Barlow's best-known poem is "The Columbiad."

—In a volume recently issued by the United States Census Bureau there is an interesting survey of the history and present condition of the American newspaper press. The list of daily papers in the Union reaches the astonishing average of one for every 10,000 of the population. The number of towns having 10,000 inhabitants and no daily newspaper is declared to be very small. In the United Kingdom the average is one daily paper to about 120,000.—*Athenæum*.

—Mr. Edmund Gosse has just completed his edition of the works of Thomas Gray. The first volume will contain "Poems, Journals, and Essays;" the second and third, "Letters;" and the fourth, "Notes on Aristophanes and Plato." Additions to the volumes include a series of Gray's humorous pieces, now printed for the first time; a set of Latin verses, lately found at the back of a drawer at Pembroke College, and a series—a valuable addition to Gray's verse—of translations from Propertius and Dante.

—The programme of Mozart's first performance, drawn up by his father at Frankfort in 1764, has lately been discovered in Germany, and, according to the *Gartenlaube*, runs thus: "My daughter, twelve years old, and my son of seven, the son being the great Mozart, will execute the concertos of the greatest masters on several kinds of pianos, and my boy on the violin likewise. My son will cover the fingerboard of the piano with a cloth, and play as if it were not covered. He will guess, both standing near or at a distance, any note, any accord sounded on the piano, on a bell, or any other instrument. In conclusion, he will improvise, as long as desired, both on the organ or the piano, in all keys, even the most difficult, as any one may choose. But his rendering of organ music differs greatly from that of the piano."

—The movement for the establishment of an international standard of musical pitch is gaining ground. *L'Echo Musical*, the leading musical journal of Belgium, strongly supports the universal adoption of the French *diapason normal*. The Italian Government has, for mathematical reasons, fixed the standard for the military bands of the kingdom at a little below the French pitch, namely, at 432, as against 435, double vibrations for A. Practically, the difference is of no importance, being scarcely perceptible to the ear. Before moving in the matter, the Italian War Minister consulted the leading composers and conductors of the country. Their replies, published in the Italian papers, are unanimously in favor of a lower pitch than that previously in use. Verdi's letter is of special interest. The chief reason for raising the intonation of military bands was the opinion that wind instruments gained additional brilliancy by that

means. This opinion the great Italian master combats. He writes: "I quite agree with the verdict of the committee that the lowering of the diapason will by no means impair the sonorousness and brilliancy of execution; it will, on the contrary, give something noble, full, majestic to the tone which the strident effects of the higher pitch do not possess. . . . For my part," Verdi concludes, "I should like to see one diapason established for the entire musical universe. The musical language is universal; why, therefore, should the note which is called A in Paris or Milan become B flat in Rome?"

Scientific Notes.

—On and after Jan. 1st next, the day will be reckoned at Greenwich Observatory as commencing at midnight, the hours being counted on up to 24, or midnight again. For many years a dial, showing twenty-four hours, has been erected at the observatory, but in future the twenty-four-hours day will be official.

—A species of ant observed in the Island of St. Thomas has been described to the French Academy of Science. A large fire having been kindled at a certain distance from the ant hill, the ants were seen to precipitate themselves into it by thousands, until it was completely extinguished. It is proposed to call the species *Formica ignivora*.

—A chemist in Munich has, it is stated, succeeded in obtaining from distilled coal a white crystalline powder which, as far as regards its action on the human system, cannot be distinguished from quinine, except that it assimilates even more readily with the stomach. Its efficacy in reducing fever heat is represented as quite remarkable, and it even renders the use of ice unnecessary.

—It is found that canvas can be made as impervious to moisture as leather by steeping it in a decoction of one pound of oak bark with fourteen pounds of boiling water. This quantity is sufficient for eight yards of stuff. The fabric has to soak twenty-four hours, when it is taken out, passed through running water, and hung up to dry. The flax and hemp fibres, in absorbing the tannin, are better fitted to resist wear.

—Prof. Millne, of Tokio University, is about to establish an observatory at the bottom of Takashima Colliery, in the neighborhood of Nagasaki, which was worked to a considerable depth by the Dutch Trading Company, under the management of Mr. Frederick Potter, until the Japanese Government took it into their own hands. The purpose of this observatory is to determine what connection exists between subterranean earthquake phenomena and the meteorology of the earth's surface.

—Mr. Rowland Jordan, of London, appears to have been eminently successful in perfecting a process for separating gold from its ores which is at present attracting considerable attention. In the usual process of amalgamation water is em-

ployed. In the new one the gold ore is reduced to dry powder, which is forced through a considerable thickness of mercury, by which it is robbed of nearly the whole of the gold. The perfect action of the apparatus has been attested by Prof. Crookes, F. A. S., and other scientific men.

—An aeronaut says that no balloon has ever gone over a second sunset. The moment the sun goes down, the gas condenses, and you get through the night better than the day. But the next day, in the presence of the sun, the gas expands and you mount to great elevations; but every mount the balloon makes cripples its power, and it is only a question of hours, if not minutes, how long you can keep up. If an aeronaut could have forty-eight hours of night he could travel a great distance. The highest rate of speed he had ever attained, with a strong wind blowing, was eighty miles an hour.

—A writer in the *Scientific American* says: "Two persons stand on each side of a fifth, who is seated in a chair. The four raise their hands (which are clasped with the forefingers extended) as high as possible over their heads, at the same time inhaling deeply. They then simultaneously bow as low as possible (always facing the sitter), bending the body from the hips, and swinging the extended arms from the shoulder till the hands touch the knees, at the same time inhaling as strongly as possible, their motions being repeated three times together. As they rise from the last position, for the third time, the extended forefingers are placed under the knees and arms of the sitter, and he is lifted high in the air as light as a feather. In this way I have seen four school girls, under sixteen years, lift a man of 180 pounds with no apparent exertion than would be required to lift a three pound weight. To one who tries this experiment for the first time the result is very surprising."

College Gossip.

—Ten of the most advanced courses in Harvard College have but one man in each.—*Ex.*

—The late Reuben Springer left by his will the sum of \$100,000 to the Seminary of Mt. St. Mary's of the West, Cincinnati.

—Joseph H. Choate, of New York, has founded a three hundred-dollar scholarship at Harvard College, in memory of his oldest son, who died suddenly last spring.

—President Porter, of Yale, says that "the failures of college and university life are to be traced in more than three quarters of instances to failures in the preparatory school."

—PROFESSOR, to Class in Surgery: "The right leg of the patient, as you see, is shorter than the left, in consequence of which he limps. Now, what would you do in a case of this kind?"
BRIGHT STUDENT: "Limp too."—*Ex.*

—The University of Kansas has established a professorship of American literature.—*Ex.*

What next! This is a progressive age. We

wonder how many of the Indian dialects are included in it? Or do the Kansas people think English literature too old-fogyish and un-American?

—A highly startling and instructive item has been going the rounds of the collegiate press for the last few weeks, to the effect that out of about 600 graduates of Vassar, less than one-third have married. This piece of news seems to have a magnetic fascination for the average college editor.—*Harvard Crimson.*

—"I am afraid that George is giving too much attention to the classics," remarked an old lady. "Why do you think so?" asked the old gentleman. "Because when he was at home, the other day, I overheard him tell young Smith that he played base-ball a great deal, and that his studies were mostly all Greek to him. But I am glad the poor boy plays ball occasionally."—*Sun.*

—Complaint is made in the *Amherst Student* that it costs as much to play billiards in the Gymnasium as in any of the billiard saloons of the town. The following pathetic cry is raised: "If our spiritual guardians would bring the wandering sinner, who at present revels in the wickedness of the hotel billiard room, back to the fold of the new Gym., the most effectual way in which they can do it is by appealing to the financial interests of the above-mentioned wanderer."—*Harvard Crimson.*

—President White, in an address made to the students of Cornell University, advocated strongly the benefits to be derived from athletic sports, especially boating, and strongly advised all the students to take part in some sport or other, as being of the greatest use and benefit both to body and brain. Mr. White said that when he was at Yale the sixteen men who composed the boat's crew were not only the best men in the college, physically, but were also the best men mentally, and took the highest rank in scholarly acquirements and other accomplishments. He further said that statistics showed boating to be the sport most beneficial, and least prejudicial to health in the long run.

—Even the Liberal papers in Italy are obliged to acknowledge the general deterioration of the youth educated in the godless schools. The *Nazione*, of Florence, is actually led, by the numerous cases of abuse and disorder that have so frequently occurred in lay schools, to demand that elementary schools should be placed under the direction of the parish priest—at least that greater attention should be paid to religious instruction. Above all this, the Liberal organ censures "the pedantry of those who, under the pretext of respecting the rights of a free-thinking child, sacrifice the rights of ninety-nine others and banish the Catechism from the school." This is excellently said, and deserves to rank as a watchword. We are, perhaps, not to be astonished that the ministerial *Diretto* is very angry with the *Nazione* and adopts its motto, "Rather no schools than clerical ones." Meantime, it is a fact that the "godless" elementary schools are supplying the largest contingents to the Socialist and Anarchist associations.—*London Tablet.*

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, December 20, 1884.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the EIGHTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

—Before the SCHOLASTIC again greets its kind readers, another year shall have fairly been begun. We take this occasion, therefore, to offer all our friends our wishes that it may be theirs to possess all the joys and blessings of this happy season. May one and all enjoy

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND
A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—We find the following item in the *Hesperian Student*, from the University of Nebraska, and copy it for the benefit of the weak-kneed and weaker-minded, who imagine that the demoniac "fire-water" is of some benefit or tends to strengthen a man:

"We are glad to notice the example set by the Hon. James G. Blaine at a recent dinner at Delmonico's, in New York, given him by the capitalists of that city. Six wine glasses were set at each plate, and on taking his seat, Mr. Blaine immediately turned his glasses down so as to prevent the waiters from even approaching him with their decanters. In reply to Mr. Evarts, Mr. Blaine said, 'No; I find that nothing strengthens me so much as a good cup of tea. That is better than all the spirituous stimulants in the world.' He added that during his recent trip of seven

weeks, in which he travelled between twelve and fifteen thousand miles, his sole refreshment after each exhausted labor had been a cup of good, black tea."

Ambitious young men, who wish to pay due regard to their nerves and health, will undoubtedly do well to follow the example of the brilliant author of "Twenty Years in Congress," in abstaining from the fiery liquid that daily destroys the souls and bodies of so many promising young men.

—Last Sunday evening, Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., addressed the members of the religious societies of the College. His subject was "The Church in Her Councils," and was treated in connection with remarks on the recent Plenary Council at Baltimore. The discourse was interesting and instructive, and was listened to with great attention. Father Cooney spoke of the organism of the Church and her divinely-given mission "to teach all nations." How well this mission has been and is being fulfilled, all history testifies. To still further perfect her work, the Church has her councils. To clear away the flames of passion and prejudice which may surround and obscure the purity of doctrine she summons her bishops from all parts of the world to assemble in council and define the truth. In those councils she makes no new articles of faith, but she defines and brings out in bold relief the principles of faith which were taught her by her divine Founder, Jesus Christ.

The various councils held in the United States were alluded to and interesting statistics presented, manifesting the wonderful growth of the Church in our country. During the past hundred years,—viz., from 1784 to 1884—the population of the United States increased elevenfold—viz., from 5,000,000 to 55,000,000. But during the same time, the Catholic population increased 266 per cent.—viz., from less than 30,000 to over 8,000,000. In 1784 the Catholic population was only the 166th part of the whole population, now it is over one seventh of the population of the United States. At the late Plenary Council there were twenty-three Religious Orders represented. The history of Christianity does not show anything like so rapid an increase of the Church in any nation of the world. The increase and prosperity of the Catholic Church in the United States furnishes the clearest proof of her compatibility with Republican forms of government. And anyone who considers and examines her doctrines must come to the conclusion that the presence of the Catholic Church is the safety of our glorious Republic. Her doctrine on the unity and inviolability of marriage, which protects and strengthens the family—the very foundation of society—is worthy of all praise and the thanks of every people. Her Sacrament of Penance which enforces truthfulness and honesty in the individual and obedience to law strengthens the arm of the civil power, thus rendering society impregnable to the attacks of passion, Communism and Nihilism. The same may be said of all her doctrines. Of the Republic, every good Catholic says from his heart, *Esto perpetua!*

The St. Cecilians.

As is well known to every student, and, indeed, to many of the visitors and friends of Notre Dame, there are but a few "great entertainments" given during each scholastic year. They are always found to contain points of excellence that place them in a plane quite distinct from and superior to all others of the same nature; and therefore, unless some extraordinary preventing circumstance should intervene, they invariably attract an immense audience to Washington Hall. Among these may be classed the "Annual Winter Exercises" of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association—one of the oldest literary organizations of the College, and one which, from time immemorial in the history of Notre Dame, has held a foremost position among its societies.

Since our esteemed President, Rev. Father Walsh, assumed the direction of our *Alma Mater* it has been customary to dedicate these "Exercises" in his honor, as his patronal festival (Dec. 21st) occurs at a time when the students are dispersed for the holidays. Therefore, under the auspices of the St. Cecilians, his festival is happily celebrated by anticipation.

Accordingly, the evening of Wednesday, the 17th inst., found the Faculty and students assembled in Washington Hall to witness what the well-printed programme styled "The Twenty-seventh Annual Christmas Exercises of the St. Cecilia Society, Complimentary to Rev. President Walsh." Among the visitors present were Rt. Rev. Mgr. Osouf, Bishop of Arsinoe, Japan, and the Rev. P. X. Mugaburr, missionary to Japan, who are passing the holidays at Notre Dame; also Mr. P. L. Garrity, of Chicago. Despite the great inclemency of the weather, the occasion brought a goodly array of ladies and gentlemen from our neighboring city of South Bend, whose names we did not learn. The programme as carried out will be found printed in our "local" columns.

Promptly at 6.30, the College Band struck up the introductory piece, "Grand St. Cecilian March." In its rendition the Band did not quite come up to what was expected of it; however, in the piece which it played after one of the acts of the play it fully sustained its high reputation. We may say here, *en passant*, that the Band is well organized this year, and we hope it will adopt as its motto, *excelsior!* Next on the programme was the address to Father Walsh from the Minims. It was a beautiful poetic composition, and was well read by Master E. Berry, who was attended by Masters L. Scherrer and C. Mooney. Mr. John W. Guthrie, of the Class of '85, represented the Class and his fellow-students in a well-written address, expressing the good wishes of all and congratulations upon the work done under the administration of President Walsh and the happy prospects for the future. His remarks were greeted with great applause. A pleasing interlude was then provided, in the vocal duet by Messrs. Ram-

say and Stephens. They sang in good and expressive style, that old but ever-beautiful song, "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" We shall not criticise it, as it was the only vocal number on the programme, and we certainly did wish that more had been interspersed throughout the entertainment. Master Frank Hagenbarth, of the SCHOLASTIC Staff, appeared in behalf of the Cecilians and the Junior department. His address was excellent both in composition and delivery. He began by complimenting President Walsh upon the recurrence of his patronal festival, and spoke of the great Apostle whose feast would be celebrated in a few days, and the model furnished by his career. He concluded as follows:

Christmas vacation is one of the most important and memorable events of the scholastic year. It is the period when all our surroundings are calculated, not only to make us look back over the work accomplished during the old year, but also to look ahead to the work to be done in the new one. For the past it is our common privilege to be grateful. Turning to the future, we feel justified in aspiring to increased usefulness and forming resolutions that cannot fail to have a salutary influence upon our lives and labors. To the new year we look forward with renewed hope, and zeal, and determination. We propose to improve all the opportunities it may offer to make substantial and enduring progress in useful knowledge, sound education, and correct moral principles—in the improvement, in short, of the best qualities of head and heart. We confidently believe that by steadfastly cherishing that purpose, and relying at the same time upon your vigilant care and supervision, we may count upon the approaching year as sure to come to us with the manifold advantages and blessings that fill the measure of youthful hopes and aspirations.

In this holy season of peace and good will we gratefully acknowledge the deep sense of obligation under which we feel placed by your uniform kindness, judicious counsel and salutary encouragement. We gladly testify to our appreciation of that even temper, that calm judgment, that consistency of action, which St. Cecilians regard as the first canon of gentlemanly character—the first mark of a superior nature.

All friends of Notre Dame rejoice at the splendid achievements in material prosperity wrought here in the past. And we are gratified at the absence of all room for doubt that, under a continuance of the same judicious policy and prudent management, great progress must also be made in the future. We entertain no doubt that this Institution is destined to grow in size, importance and honorable fame until it outstrips emulation and takes rank as first University of the West. But its paramount aim is to make its students gentlemen and scholars; and, in closing, the St. Cecilians promise to do their share in the busy season following the holidays to realize its exalted aim in that regard.

When Master Hagenbarth had concluded, the curtain was lowered, and the stage prepared for the second part of the evening's programme. In the mean time, our justly celebrated Orchestra rendered, what is accepted for the present as its *pièce de résistance*—"The Siege of Paris." It is really an excellent selection, and one in which each of the instruments must contribute notably to the perfection of the whole, so that if one is wanting or fails in its part, the general beauty is marred. In a recent number of the SCHOLASTIC, the rendition of this piece was highly and deservedly commended. But on this occasion it could not merit the same praise, though the many striking beauties of the piece were at times well portrayed, and commanded the attention of the audience. This

latter feature, by the way, we may remark to be an exceptional one, and sufficient to establish the reputation of any orchestra. Altogether, the management of this organization, and also our College Band, reflects the greatest credit upon the talented and energetic director, Professor Paul. Master Thomas Cleary appeared before the curtain, and spoke the "Prologue" to the play. The perfect self-possession and gracefulness with which he supplied the omission of a few lines in his piece called forth manifestations of the greatest enthusiasm. When he had concluded, the curtain rose and the play began.

"THE RECOGNITION"

is chief amongst the many dramas in the *repertoire* of the St. Cecilians. It has been often produced at Notre Dame, and has always met with the heartiest reception. It is the work of the lamented Father Lemonnier, one-time President of the University, who for many years, in various other offices, was intimately associated with the students. His experience, together with exceptional literary ability, enabled him to produce a series of plays especially adapted to college exhibitions, and chief among them is the play referred to. The depiction of the plot sustains the attention of the audience by means of the variety of characters and dramatic situations that call forth the best powers of the performers. We shall not describe the play, as it has been spoken of in previous numbers of the SCHOLASTIC, and is published entire in that widely-circulated book of Prof. Lyons, "The American Elocutionist." We are pleased to state also that the Professor will publish it in book-form early in the month of February next. Briefly stated, the plot of the play turns upon an event of the 15th century—the abduction of Antonio, the son of the aged Count Bartolo, by the Duke of Spoleto. War is declared between the chieftains, and waged for some years with varying fortunes, ending in the defeat of the Duke and the restoration of Antonio to his father. The details of the play call for a number of *dramatis personæ*, and give occasion to many beautiful scenic effects.

The characters in the drama as produced by the Cecilians were taken as marked in the programme. The representation was pronounced by the critical audience to be the best ever given at Notre Dame. There were certainly deficiencies in the minor parts which were not to be found in some former presentations of the drama; but, as a whole, the manner of its production has never been surpassed heretofore. The parts were all well committed and enacted with spirit, the costumes were elegant and appropriate, the *mise en scène* was perfect; so that, barring the occasional defects of too rapid utterance on the part of the principal actors, and a certain monotonousness and stiffness on the part of some minor characters, the whole performance was satisfactory in every respect.

Time and space will not permit us to stop and criticise in detail. We cannot, however, forbear mentioning Messrs. F. Hagenbarth and F. Dexter

who took the parts of the *Duke of Spoleto* and *Count Bartolo*, respectively. The former well portrayed the ambitious Duke, and though at times he spoke too fast, yet displayed good elocutionary ability and a proper conception of his *rôle*; the latter was fervid and impassioned in his impersonation of the bereft father *Bartolo*, and was effective in producing some of the climaxes of the play. The duel in the last act between the Duke and Bartolo was well done, while the death of the Duke was a splendid piece of acting. Master Jos. Garrity, it is said, made the best *Antonio* ever on the stage at Notre Dame. However this may be, his acting on this occasion was all that could be desired and showed the results of good and careful training. A prominent character is *Balthasar*, a gruff old soldier and the defender of *Antonio*. This part was taken by L. Grever, and though his voice was imperfectly adapted to the requirements of his *rôle*, yet he displayed commendable energy and spirit in its rendition. *Stephano*, the aged, cowardly, pedantic tutor of *Antonio* is another conspicuous personage in the drama, and was well personated by Master J. Monschein, who commanded the heartiest applause of the evening, though at times his acting was overdone.

Among others who distinguished themselves were Masters C. Harris as *Ricardo*, M. Mulkern as *Leonardo*, C. J. Stubbs as *Fabiano*, W. Daly as the *Prince of Macerata*; and, indeed, we may say all whose names are found in the Programme. The epilogue was delivered in graceful style by Master Jos. Garrity. It will be found printed in our local columns. During the play, Master R. Oxnard, the pianist of the Cecilians, and the youthful musical prodigy of Notre Dame, rendered some classical selections on the piano, which we are not competent to criticise but which were received with great favor.

The entertainment reflected the greatest credit upon all who took part, and especially upon the director, Prof. J. A. Lyons, under whose able and efficient management the St. Cecilia Society has for years maintained a high standard of excellence.

In conclusion, Rev. President Walsh arose and expressed his thanks for the honor paid him in the dedication of the entertainment, and complimented the performers. He said that as the years pass by and the facilities of Notre Dame are more and more enlarged, the standard of excellence in these exhibitions, as well as in studies, is placed higher, and criticism becomes proportionately severer. Even judged by this high standard their efforts had been excellent, but he hoped they would not be content therewith, but aim higher and higher. Notre Dame seeks to make her children model gentlemen, upright citizens and perfect Christians, and it was hoped that she would never have reason to be disappointed in her expectations.

* * *

On Thursday, Rev. President Walsh was the recipient of numerous congratulations from the Faculty, represented by Prof. Hoynes, various bodies of the students and many friends. Our hurry in going to press prevents us from noticing

these in detail. We, of the SCHOLASTIC, take occasion to extend to our worthy President our own congratulations and best wishes for a long and prosperous career in the management of our *Alma Mater*.

Exchanges.

—The *Polytechnic* holds a high place among our exchanges. The articles are well written and show commendable care on the part of the writers.

—*Res Academicæ* is a neat little monthly school paper, well filled, and carefully written—much more carefully than many of the so-called college papers.

—The *Vassar Miscellany*, *Pennsylvania University Magazine*, *Columbia Spectator*, *University Quarterly* and the *Virginia University Magazine* have lately been received, but we have not yet had time to look them through.

—Part of the "Literary" department of the *Philosophian Review* for Nov. was evidently left out by mistake, and a scene from a minstrel show substituted. Therefore we refrain from comment. Aside from this, the number is an entertaining one.

—The *Northwestern*, from Northwestern University, seems to be working its way steadily to the front. The "Classic" poetry on "Hallowe'en," and the prose articles, "A General Outgeneraled," and "Andrew Jackson as a Man" are able contributions. "E. L. D." gives a fair judgment of Jackson's character.

—The *Hesperian Student* says:

"Our friend, the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, corrects us in the assumption that its exchange man was sat upon by the board of health, or street-cleaning commissioner, or something, or somebody, which we made in the last issue of the *Student*. We are not half so much pained by the correction as by the fact that it appears to be just. Go right on in your unholy course, SCHOLASTIC. Success to you!"

Our Nebraska friend is as one out of a thousand,—he is manly enough to acknowledge a mistake, and to put it in print, too. We congratulate the *Student* on the subject of its leading editorial of the 15th ult., and wish we could say the same here.

—The *Concordiensis* for Nov. the 25th startled us with the following special cablegram:

"A telegram from the Chinese embassy announces that Chow-Chow has been bombarded by the French, and that a large army of Chinese laundrymen, under the command of Li-Like-Theduce, is garrisoned at Too-Lung. This is regarded as an unnecessary precaution, as Admiral Jonnifrenche says that he has no intention of attacking Too-Lung, but will concentrate his efforts on Jus-Tlung-Enuff."

The self-conceited editors of the New York and Chicago dailies had not the faintest intimation of this important piece of news. How they must have stared when they saw themselves left behind by the enterprising editors and war correspondent of the *Concordiensis*! *Palmarum qui meruit ferat*.

—The *Concordiensis* devotes a column and a half to an editorial on the old and perplexing question of how to induce students to contribute to their paper. The complaint that the students fail to support their journals is almost a universal one;

and the expedients adopted by the different editing boards are as interesting as they are various. The *Concordiensis* says:

"An undoubted stumbling-block in the way of some who would otherwise lend their aid, is their antipathy to being known as the authors of rejected articles. This, however, can be easily removed. We are willing to examine any article sent us for publication, whether it has a signature or not, providing that in case of its acceptance we may have the means of identifying its author. The writer may accompany his contribution with his name contained in a sealed envelope, which will not be opened unless the article is accepted. In case of rejection, notice will be given by means of the bulletin-board or through our local columns, when we will await the pleasure of the writer in regard to the disposal of his manuscript."

This is indeed a "scheme," and we beg the *Concordiensis* to tell us how it works.

—The historian of the *College Message*,—from St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Mo.,—is giving in successive numbers of that paper a very full and interesting history of the *Message*, from the time of its foundation to the present. It is the old story: starting out briskly, with a good head of steam—everybody enthusiastic, willing to contribute money, willing to work, but soon, alas! getting tired of both, and leaving upon a few of the more determined the entire burden of the paper. As might naturally be expected, we are told that these few succeeded well after leaving college, are now filling responsible positions in their various callings, and will no doubt eventually succeed in gaining that prominence that only determined and persevering workers can gain. "There's plenty of room at the top," but not for the sluggard, the lazy, or the man of weak purpose, whose zeal becomes effervescent and goes off with a pop and a fizz. We congratulate the *Message* on its success. It is one of the best college papers that we receive from the South, and, in its Exchange department, is superior to all others. Without going directly into politics, one of the editors gives a spicy article in the current issue on "crow-eating" politicians, which, it is needless to say, will not be relished by that class of people, although they might be benefited by it if they would read and ponder it. We wish the editors of the *Message* success in their praiseworthy undertaking. If they can cure the crow-eating propensities of politicians they will add another to their claims upon the popular favor.

—The *Otterbein Record* for November is a splendid number throughout. Among the literary contributions we find the initial number of a series of articles, entitled the "Mosaics of Literature," by Professor W. J. Zuck, one of Otterbein's graduates of '78. The series begins with the "Father of English History"—the Venerable Bede. "The first prose book written in our language," says Professor Zuck, "was Bede's translation of the Gospel of St. John." (A. D. 735.) "The name of Bede is fixed in the literature of the English-speaking race. At a time so remote as this, it would be difficult to make a true estimate of his worth to his age and countrymen. But to the one who makes diligent search, his life and work will appear, not as the

flash of a meteor across the sky, but as a star shining in a dark place and with increasing brilliance." At this "remote" time, when we are accustomed to find so much abuse heaped on the monks who laid broad and deep the foundations of learning and literature, it is refreshing to see such a well-deserved tribute as the following paid the self-sacrificing men who devoted their lives to literature, education, and the general welfare of their fellow-men:

"When the ruin that had fallen on the Roman world had well nigh blotted from Western Europe all knowledge of the classic learning, the monasteries of England brought together the scholars of the time, and thus not only were preserved the treasures of Greece and Rome, but the whole range of knowledge was increased. Not only so, but the monk of the order of St. Benedict was in the highest sense the pioneer of civilization and Christianity. 'The first musicians, farmers, painters, and statesmen in Europe, after the downfall of Imperial Rome and during the invasions of the barbarians, were monks. Whatever of earnestness, zeal, activity and true statesmanship we observe for nearly five centuries of European history, we may regard, if not as the actual work of monks, yet as done under their influence and direction.' Aside from religious considerations, therefore, and the well-meant but mistaken conception that to maintain the purity of the Church, it must be transplanted to the wilderness, and that the true worshiper must be entirely withdrawn from society, these institutions of Middle History deserve our highest esteem in accomplishing a work that must endure for all time."

There is so much food for thought and excellent advice in nearly all the editorial articles that we would like to cull from several of them for the benefit of our readers, but space forbids. The following, from the Exchange department, is *à propos*:

"We do not attach as much importance to the 'Exchange department' as some of our worthy exchanges do; neither are we inclined to discard it altogether. It cannot be doubted that a candid and fair exchange of opinions and criticisms between the different college journals, is productive of much good. While this is true, we fail to see any advantage gained from that 'taffying' and 'palavering' indulged in by some of our exchanges. We do not expect to have our exchange column in every number, but will 'indulge' as the nature of the case seems to demand. We, like the 'NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,' turn first to the Exchange department of a new arrival to see what is said, and how it is said. During the last two months we have been impressed with the opinion that a number of exchange editors have entered upon their duties for the first time and are writing for the 'practice' which it gives them. They feel called upon to say something and don't know exactly what to say. Another impression which seems to influence some is, that every college paper should be conducted just like theirs. An editorial board that has not weight enough to impress its own thoughts and methods upon its paper is not worthy the name. We don't wish to convey the idea that all our exchanges have gone to these extremes; on the contrary, a number seem to have the true object in view."

Books and Periodicals.

GEMS FOR LITTLE SINGERS. By Elizabeth U. Emerson and Gertrude Swayne, assisted by L. O. Emerson. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.: Boston. Price, 30 cents.

—Here is truly a delightful little book for Primary Schools and Kindergartens, full of sweet music and pretty pictures, and altogether a thing that will take with the little ones. There are 62 simple songs, and 26 pictures.

CATHOLIC BELIEF: Or, A Short and Simple Exposition of Catholic Doctrine. By the Very Rev. Joseph Faà di Bruno, D. D. Revised and adapted to the United States by Rev. Louis A. Lambert, author of "Notes on Ingersoll," etc. With the Imprimatur of Their Eminences the Cardinal, Archbishop of New York, and the Cardinal, Archbishop of Westminster, and an Introduction by the Right Rev. S. V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo. Benziger Bros.: New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis.

This is an admirable book of instruction on Christian Doctrine. In short, clear, simple and concise language, it sets forth the doctrines and practices of the Church, and must prove an excellent hand book for the sincere searcher after truth, as well as presenting, in convenient form, the believer with solid reasons for the faith that is in him. The publishers issue an edition at the low price of 40 cents.

THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL for the Year of Our Lord 1885. Compiled and Published by J. A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Indiana. Price, 25 cents.

The *Scholastic Annual* in many respects resembles the better class of year-books, inasmuch as it has all the Calendars and the usual information to be found in such publications; but in one respect it is unique—possesses a feature distinctively its own, altogether different from anything that can be found elsewhere. This is the "Astrological Predictions," which have long since become famous, not only for remarkably correct prognostications of the weather, but also of matters, civil, military and political, both at home and abroad. The *Scholastic Astrologer* predicted last year—speaking of the elections of 1884—that the Moon's opposition to Mars would be fatal to the hopes of a military nominee; that her quadrature with Jupiter indicated the discomfiture of the "bosses"; that Mercury's relation to the Sun showed that the successful candidate would not be remarkable for oratorical powers, that he would be unmarried, of phlegmatic temperament, tall and portly, with a short, thick neck (Cleveland's is said to measure nineteen inches), etc., etc. The "Astrological Predictions" for 1885 are certainly extraordinary. Marriageable young ladies are especially interested in them, and so is Prang and the other Christmas-card men. The prediction of a war affecting the interests of the United States should put our President, Secretary of War, and the members of both Houses of Congress on the *qui vive*. War will rage fiercely all summer, and Constantinople will suffer a siege. There is nothing about that plague-spot on our country, Mormonism, but the weather and the crops are plentifully alluded to. If the Astrologer's predictions for next year prove as truthful as those for 1884 and previous years we venture to say that the President and both Houses of Congress, as well as every European Government of any note, will hereafter order in advance a very large number of copies of the *Scholastic Annual* for their Cabinet members, that they may have the benefit of the predictions and be prepared for emergencies.

Having said so much about the wonderful "Astrological Predictions," we have not space to men-

tion the other contents of the "Annual," so the reader will have to consult the advertisement on another page of our paper, or buy a copy of the "Annual" to judge of them for himself—which we advise him to do, by all means.

HINTS: Or, Thoughts Suggested and Facts Elicited by the Christian Brothers' New Series of Readers. Westchester, N. Y.: W. Y. C. Protectory. 1882.

MEDITATIONS ON SCHOOL. By the Venerable John Baptist de la Salle. Same publisher.

TEACHING: Its Theory and Practice. A Course of Notes. By the Brothers of the Christian Schools. Same publisher.

Brothers Justin and Noah, of the Christian Brothers' Normal School, will please accept our thanks for a number of Pedagogical works lately received. The "Notes on Teaching" is an able work, and richly deserves all the praise bestowed on it lately by the Protestant as well as the Catholic press. The "Hints for Teachers" and the "Meditations for School" are also equal to any books of the kind published.

The teachers in many of our schools would do well to study books on school management more than they do. It is true that experience is a good teacher, but it is a very slow one. The reading of even a single volume written by some distinguished teacher of long experience may benefit a young teacher—and even an old one—more than many years of experience. The teaching profession, like all others, has had its wonderful geniuses to whom the great majority of those who engage in it must bow, and from whom they must learn if they wish ever to do much good.

The young teacher who imagines he can learn nothing from such minds as Bossuet, Fenelon, Dupanloup, De La Salle, Overberg, Page, and hundreds of others, is in a hopeless condition. The man who is ignorant and does not know it, is very apt to remain in his ignorance. To know just what we are, we must compare ourselves with those that are greater, and this we cannot do without reading their lives and studying their works. The most unsuccessful teachers (as well as the most uncivilized nations) are, as a rule, those who are the most unwilling to learn from others. The Hon. Horace Mann was sent to Europe, some years ago, by the Educational Board of Massachusetts to visit the schools there and to bring home their best methods. In one of his reports he says:

"Throughout my whole tour, not one principle has been more frequently exemplified than this, that wherever I have found the best teachers and the most flourishing institutions, there I have always found the greatest desire to know how similar institutions were administered among ourselves, and where I have seen the worst there I have found most of the spirit of self-complacency and even an offensive disinclination to hear of better methods."

D.

—The Christmas Holiday number of Brainard's *Musical World* contains some handsome illustrations, together with the usual interesting miscellany and timely gossip on musical matters. There are some fine selections of Christmas carols, etc., and the songs and piano music are excellent:

—"The Angel Guardian Annual and useful Almanac" for 1885, is published by The House of the Angel Guardian, 85 Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., and will be sent free to any address on receipt of 5 cents in stamps. It gives information concerning an excellent work of charity which well deserves encouragement.

—We have received from the office of the *Luxemburger Gazette*, Dubuque, Iowa, an interesting sketch of the life and missionary labors of St. Willibrord, the Apostle of Luxemburg and Friesland, and founder of the Abbey Echternach. St. Willibrord is one of the great men whom the Island of Saints sent forth in the early parts of the Middle Ages, to bring the light of faith to those parts of Europe that were as yet living in the darkness of paganism, and whose hostile relations with Rome, the seat of Christianity, seemed to be an insurmountable obstacle to their Christianization. The author, A. H. Reuland, has well understood how to make even a biography spicy and interesting. The Life of St. Willibrord, as described by him, gives us faithful pictures and scenes of the life of the Church and of missionary life in the 7th century. It will be interesting and instructive to our German readers.

Obituary.

We extend our heartfelt sympathies to Rev. Father Zahm and his brother, Albert, on the sad news of the death of their mother, Mrs. Mary Zahm, who departed this life at her residence, Huntington, Ind., on the morning of the 18th inst. The deceased had been in ill health for the past six months, and gave up her soul to her Maker after being fortified by all the rites of the Church. May she rest in peace!

Personal.

—Frank Grever, of '82, is in a very good business in Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Henry L. Rose, of '81, is practising dentistry in his old home of Evansville.

—John B. O'Reilly, '83, is now one of "ye editors" of a paper in Salt Lake City.

—A. Hellebush, of '81, is in the jewelry business at Cincinnati, and doing very well.

—Jos. F. Grever, '83, still resides in Cincinnati, and is now connected with the Cincinnati Southern R.R.

—Fred Kleine (Com'l), '81, is one of the travelling salesmen for the business of his father at Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Hugh S. O'Donnell (Com'l), '81, of Maysville, Ky., is a prominent business-man in Chicago. He is with Messrs. Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.

—Jos. T. Homan (Com'l), '81, is in a very prosperous business in Cincinnati with his brother. He hopes soon to meet his old friends at Notre Dame.

—Frank T. Dever, '81, who formerly lived in Ashland, Ky., is now in Chicago, in the wholesale dry goods business, and bids fair to be one of the merchants in a few years.

—J. B. Berteling, M. D., '79, soon promises to be one of the leading physicians of Cincinnati. He has been practising now for two years. He is one of the District Physicians.

—Rt. Rev. Mgr. Osouf, Bishop of Arsinoe, Northern Japan, and Rev. P. X. Mugaburr, Missionary to Japan, are spending a few days at Notre Dame. The prelate is pleased with his visit to America, which he will prolong some months in the hope of further assistance for the good of the faith in his far-off diocese.

Local Items.

—A MERRY CHRISTMAS!

—AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

—And very many more of them!

—Classes will be resumed on the 3d prox.

—Ye "eds." will take a rest during the holidays.

—Every student should procure a copy of the *Scholastic Annual*.

—The next number of the SCHOLASTIC will be issued early next year.

—Justin Thyme's poem which opens this number is *une belle (!) œuvre*. Read it.

—We have had an extraordinarily great fall of snow during the week. The sleighing is excellent.

—Our friend John says: "When questioning the waves, it would be a swell to waive all caps."

—In making your Christmas presents, do not forget the SCHOLASTIC. Increase its subscription list.

—Unseemly haste was manifested in leaving the Hall on Wednesday night. It should not occur again.

—The palm for excellence in histrionic ability in St. Joseph's County must now be awarded to the Cecilians of Notre Dame.

—A new *Adeste Fideles*, the composition of our excellent Professor of Vocal Music, will be sung for the first time on Christmas day.

—The new Science Hall was formally opened by the Scientific students on the 14th inst. President Walsh delivered an appropriate address on the occasion.

—A *Requiem* High Mass was sung on last Tuesday morning, in the Chapel of the Portiuncula, for the repose of the soul of Mrs. Eugene Amorette, who died last year.

—Magnificent costumes were worn in the play by the St. Cecilians, on the evening of the 17th. These, together with the splendid new scenery, added not a little to the effectiveness of the representation.

—The St. Cecilians return thanks to Rev. Mr.

Regan, Bros. Lawrence and Arselm, Profs. Edwards, Hoynes, McCormack, Paul, and Ackerman, for favors received in connection with their late entertainment.

—In the Senior Law Class, the lectures on Criminal Law closed last week. Pleadings will be taken up after the holidays, taking up about three weeks, after which real estate law in its various branches will be fully discussed.

—Our invitation to contribute to these columns has not been accepted with that eagerness and unanimity we expected. We thought our "box" could not contain all the effusions that would pour in; but—alas!—*Nuff sed.* Perhaps, better luck next time.

—Those who remain during the holidays will not be without means to make the time pass pleasantly. Though the lakes are covered with snow, yet they will be flooded in a few days, so that good skating will be assured. Other amusements, too, are spoken of.

—On last Thursday, in honor of the patronal festival of Rev. President Walsh, a number of distinguished guests assembled at the banquet in the Senior dining-hall. After the repast, Mr. John W. Guthrie, of the Class of '85, arose and proposed the toasts—"Our President" and "Our *Alma Mater*"—which were responded to by Messrs. E. A. Otis and W. H. Johnston, whose words were acknowledged by President Walsh. Shortly afterwards the Faculty met the Rev. President in the parlors of the College, where an appropriate address was made by Prof. Hoynes.

—An interesting and exciting Moot Court was held before Judge Hoynes, last Monday evening. The indictment was for receiving stolen goods, and involved many points of criminal law. J. Conlon conducted the prosecution, and A. J. Ancheta appeared for the defense. The witnesses were M. Burns and J. D. Wilson for the plaintiff; P. J. Goulding and T. E. Callaghan for the defense. The issue was so well contested by both sides that the jury—consisting of D. Reach, S. Y. Bates, and F. Burke,—failed to agree: standing two for acquittal, and one for conviction. In this state, disagreement of the jury amounts to a discharge of the prisoner.

—Under the tasteful direction of Bro. Paul, the Seniors' Reading-Room has lately been much beautified and made more comfortable. The walls have been handsomely frescoed by Bro. Frederick, marble basins and mirrors put in, and the walls hung with photographs of old students, handsomely framed in groups. New and improved heaters, with marble top—handsomely bronzed by Bro. Frederick,—now grace and make the reading-room comfortable. At another time we may speak of the late improvements in detail, and take a look at the photographic groups of old students that adorn the hall. The latter feature particularly pleased us. We are glad to know that when we have gone forth from the college halls we shall not be forgotten by those who succeed us. We hope

many of the old students will send Bro. Paul their photographs for other groups until as many as possible of the old students are represented by a souvenir.

—*The Chicago Times* (Dec. 18), said: "Last night occurred the Twenty-seventh Annual Mid-Winter Entertainment at the University of Notre Dame, near South Bend. The exercises were of a literary, dramatic, and musical character, and were complimentary to Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C., President of the University, by the members of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Society. The entertainment was given in the beautiful new Washington Hall, and was witnessed by a goodly number of town people, as well as by the Faculty and students of the University. The musical part of the entertainment was of a high order, and the dramatic reputation of the institution was fully sustained in a drama of the fifteenth century, entitled "The Recognition," in which the parts were excellently rendered, some of the players being attired in rich and elegant costumes. The musical feature of the evening was the performance on the piano of Master Oxnard, who rendered some of Chopin's most difficult selections. The distinguished guest of the evening was Bishop Osouf, of Japan. The entertainment concluded with a complimentary address by the President, Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C."

—The following books were lately added to the Lemonnier Library: *The Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky*, by Hon. Ben. J. Webb; *History of the Church of God*, by Rev. B. J. Spalding, 2 vols.; *Faith of Catholics*, Mgr. Capel, 3 vols.; *Peace Through the Truth*, Harper; *The Virgin Mother of Good Counsel—a History of the Ancient Sanctuary of Our Lady in Genazzano*, and of the Wonderful Apparition and Miraculous Translation of Her Sacred Image from Scutari, in Albania, to Genazzano, in 1467, by Rev. Geo. F. Dillon, D. D.; *Drifting Leaves*, by M. E. Henry; *Brownson's Works*, Vols. 13 and 14; *Mammalia—Their Various Orders and Habit*, Louis Feguier; *Reptiles and Birds*, Feguier; *The Ocean World*, Feguier; *The Insect World*, Feguier; *The Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, by Jefferson Davis, 2 vols.; *The Works of James A. Garfield*, edited by Burke A. Hinsdale, 2 vols.; *Irving's Life of Washington*, 5 vols.; *Pilgrims and Shrines*, by Miss Eliza Allen Starr, 2 vols.; *History of Anti-Christ*, Rev. P. Huchedé; *Ceuvres Posthumes, Biographies et Panegyriques*, par L'Abbé Henri Perreye.

—The *Kalamazoo Sunday Herald* recently contained a sketch of our astrologer and his work. We take the following extract:

"... In the *Scholastic Annual*, which is issued in December every year, he always publishes some predictions on the coming twelve months. Two years ago, he received a letter from a Chicago Ice Company expressing great gratitude. They said that by noting his weather predictions they had harvested their ice crop just at the proper time, and by doing so, had been the gainers by many thousands of dollars, for all of which they were indebted to him, etc., etc. They manifested a desire to obtain a more perfect knowledge of

astrology, and how the old thing worked, and accordingly, in the next number of the *Scholastic* he made a very exhaustive exposition of the principles of the art, telling the incantations which must be performed to propitiate the heathen deities, the sacrifices that must be offered, and the variety of observations the astrologer must give in to get the full benefit of the stellar and planetary influences. It was very funny, although it was never known that the Ice Company took it all in. In the *Annual* published a year ago this month, he indulged in some vaticination on the presidential question. He prophesied that the next executive of the United States would be a bachelor, a ladies' man, and that he would be elected by an overwhelming majority."

—One of the first places Very Rev. Father General honored with a visit on his return from the Council was St. Edward's Hall. The royal salute he received from the "princes," as he entered their study-hall, showed the deep affection in which he is held by them. He gave a most interesting account of his trip, describing Baltimore and Washington, their monuments, etc., in a vivid manner. "In the schools which I have visited," he said, "I have met bright, intelligent boys, and so polite that they reminded me of my Notre Dame 'princes.' I may not, of course, speak of what kept me so constantly engaged for five hours daily during the four weeks that the Council lasted, but I can assure you that the subject of Education covered a large share of the deliberation, and I was proud to represent Notre Dame and St. Mary's. Now, let each of you endeavor by his individual efforts to keep up the name that Notre Dame has from ocean to ocean. Spend every moment of the time allotted to study in the most profitable manner; be manly and upright in your intercourse with each other; in a word, show yourselves such that all may feel obliged to admit that Notre Dame, and like institutions, can turn out the most refined, the best scholars, the best Christians, and the men of integrity on whom the country can safely depend." The "princes," through the *Scholastic*, wish their venerated and loved patron a happy Christmas, with Heaven's best blessings on every day of the coming new year!

—On Wednesday evening, the St. Cecilians gave their twenty-seventh annual winter Entertainment. It was made complimentary to Rev. President Walsh, in honor of his patronal festival, Dec. 21st, celebrated by anticipation. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

PART I.

Grand St. Cecilia March.....N. D. U. C. B.
Address—Minim Department...G. Berry, L. Scherrer and
C. Mooney
Address—Senior Department.....J. W. Guthrie
Duet.....W. E. Ramsay, R. Stephens
Address—St. Cecilia Society.....F. J. Hagenbarth
Overture.....Orchestra
Prologue.....T. J. Cleary

PART II.

"THE RECOGNITION."

(A Drama of the 15th Century, in Four Acts.)

Dramatis Personæ.

Duke of Spoleto.....F. J. Hagenbarth
Count Bartolo.....F. Dexter
Antonio, boy, his son.....Joseph Garrity
Giacomo, squire of Bartolo.....Jos. Courtney
Riccardo, Duke's squire.....C. Harris

Prince of Marcerata.....	W. Daly
Stephano, teacher of Antonio.....	J. Monschein
Balthazar, Arbalester, friend of Antonio.....	L. Grever
Fabiano, Governor of Montefalco.....	C. J. Stubbs
Leonardo, soldier.....	M. Mulkern
Gratiano {	S. O'Brien
Lorenzo { Pages—friends of Antonio,	C. Cavaroc
Angelo {	R. Oxnard
Pietro {	E. Porter
Beppo { Attendants of Bartolo.	B. Morrison
Alphonso {	S. Holman
Vincentio {	T. J. Cleary
Marco, soldier.....	H. Sedberry
Reginald, officer of the Prince of Marcerata.....	G. Myers
Silvio, courier.....	W. Berthelet
Zucchi { Officers of the Prison,	W. Congdon
Paoli {	J. H. Dempsey
Pacifico, courier.....	W. Wabraushek
Andrea, aide de-camp.....	D. C. Regan
Alberto, 1st citizen.....	C. Mason
Orlando, attendant to Prince.....	J. Crawford
Bernardo, royal usher.....	V. Morrison
Almeno, 2d citizen.....	C. Reynolds

Soldiers, citizens, guards, and attendants.

TABLEAU.

Epilogue.....	Joseph Garrity
Music.....	N. D. U. C. B.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Arce, Ancheta, Ashton, A. Browne, Felix Baca, Becerra, J. Baca, F. Baca, Burns, F. Burke, V. Burke, F. Brown, Breen, Callaghan, Conlon, Crilly, Wm. Collins, Walter Collins, Chapin, Crawford, Casavantes, Creel, F. Combe, C. Combe, Carbajal, De Groot, Donohue, Dwan, Dexter, Dolan, Estrado, Ewing, Freyermuth, Goulding, Guthrie, Hamlyn, Halligan, Howard, Hasson, Jess, Kleiber, King, Livingston, Loomis, McCabe, McMillian, McKinnery, G. Miller, McGuire, Meyer, McErlaine, McCartney, Marion, Marquez, McGill, C. Murdock, A. Miller, O'Connell, Perley, C. Paschel, Pattison, Padilla, P. Prudhomme, C. Porter, Piefer, Rothert, J. Ryan, O. Ryan, Reach, Rice, Rivard, Rahilly, J. Smith, G. Smith, Sheridan, Steis, Triplett, Troy, Troxell, W. Williams, Willard, Wagoner, A. Williams, White, Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Arnold, Arts, Amoretti, Adams, Borgschulze, Byerly, F. Benner, Baur, Berthelet, Barke, Burns, Congdon, Cummings, Clarke, G. Cartier, Colina, Cavaroc, Cleary, Courtney, Cooper, E. Dillon, Daly, Darrah, Dempsey, Dougherty, Donnellan, Eppstein, Ewing, Finckh, Fisher, Flood, Frain, Finckh, L. Grever, J. Garrity, Hoyer, Harrington, Hibbeler, Holman, Houlihan, Hagenbarth, Henry, Hasson, Johnson, Kelly, Kegel, Knisely, Kenny, Leoni, Luther, F. Long, Loya, Martinez, Mulkern, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, Menig, Monschein, Myers, Mullaney, J. McGordon, C. McGordon, Oxnard, O'Brien, O'Kane, Portillo, Prudhomme, Parres, Regan, Real, Rebori, Rose, Rattigan, Ruffing, Remish, Reynolds, Ruger, Robinson, Rogers, Stubbs, Sokup, Soden, F. Smith, H. Smith, Stange, Spencer, Schmauss, Sedberry, Servis, Tewksbury, Talbot, Vandercar, Wabraushek, R. Wagoner, Willard, Williamson, Zollars, Dorenberg, Fehr.

MINOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adams, J. Addington, H. Addington, Ackerman, Boos, Bunker, Berry, Bull, Barger, Blakeslee, Baker, Crotty, Comins, Cobbs, F. Dunford, J. Doss, E. Doss, L. Doss, Ernest, T. Falvey, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Grunsfeld, Grimes, Henry, Haney, Hopkins, C. Inderrieden, R. Inderrieden, S. Jones, J. Kelly, E. Kelly, Kellner, Landenwich, McPhee, McVeigh, Morgan, Murphy, McGill, C. Mitchell, J. Mitchell, Moncada, Mahon, Mason, McNulty, McGuire, Mooney, Nusbaum, Nester, Noonan, O'Kane, F. Peck, J. Peck, Piel, Piero, Paul, Perkins, Quinlin, Quill, Ramsay, Rugee, Salman, Sweet, Scherrer, Stone, Smith, Shöneman, Weston, Williamson, Zozaya.

List of Excellence.

COURSE OF MODERN LANGUAGES; FINE ARTS AND SPECIAL BRANCHES.

German—Messrs. Baur, H. Hibbeler, C. West, F. Long, Dexter, Daly, Rogers, G. Myers; French—Messrs. Oxnard, McKinnery, Real; Spanish—Messrs. Dexter, Parres, Padilla, Kegel; Instrumental Music—Messrs. A. Brownie, D. Ackerman, Shaw, N. Ewing, Dolan, L. Grever, M. O'Kane, L. Kegel, Padilla; Hausberg, Ruffing, C. Porter, H. Porter, Congdon, G. Myers, Reynolds, Leoni; Vocal Music—Messrs. Ramsay, Stephens, O'Kane, Marion, E. Crawford, A. Smith, Mahon, Macke, F. Garrity, E. Grever, Donnellan, Nusbaum, W. McCourt, B. Arnold; Linear Drawing—Messrs. C. Mason, Fehr, Wabraushek, Real, F. Garrity, J. Zozaya, Martinez, Marquez, Reach, Goulding, F. Combe, Padilla, Becerra; Artistic Drawing—Messrs. F. Long, Portillo, C. Kegel, E. Crawford; Telegraphy—Messrs. Clarke, Carbajal, Dougherty, Noonan, P. Prudhomme; Phonography—Messrs. Austin, Clarke, O'Brien, J. V. O'Donnell, O'Connell, Callaghan, Reynolds, J. P. O'Donnell, Chapin, H. Paschel, C. Paschel.

Epilogue.

(Spoken after the Play of the "Recognition" by Master JOSEPH GARRITY.)

The cannon's roar no longer swells the breeze,
Nor does the smoke of battle cloud the sky;
And Mars, the tyrant, now no longer sees
The deadly struggle, nor the soldiers die.

Sweet peace—a heavenly, soothing gift to man—
On Italy's fairest fields supremely reigns,
A smile benignant on her face we scan,
And soothing balms all o'er the land she rains.

Yes, all is peace now after pompous war,
And nought is seen upon the peaceful plain.
Save joyful friends, who come from near and far,
And loving greetings now among them reign.

The lost is found, and recognized is he
Who from his happy home was borne away,
And strangers and strange places forced to see,—
But all is gladness here around to-day.

We thank you for the patience you have shown;
We've done our utmost to secure applause,
We love the drama which good seed has sown,
When kept within the bounds of moral laws.

To you, dear Father, many thanks are due:
You guide our minds with kindly, fostering care,
Your kindly acts to us are not a few,
Your smile e'er makes our hearts as light as air.

May life to you be ever full of joy!
May peace within your bosom e'er hold sway;
And may your days, unmingled with alloy,
Pass calmly and serenely away!

To you, dear friends,—indeed, to one and all,—
We give the greetings of the closing year;
That joy the highest to your lot may fall,
And all your hearts be filled with sweetest cheer.

Our task is done, and now to all good-by!
We've done our best to earn an honored name;
Perhaps our aspirations soared too high,
But still ambition reigns at Notre Dame.

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Among the visitors was Miss Mary Sullivan, Class '81.

—Warm thanks are due from the "Princesses" to Mrs. John Blaine for favors received.

—The readers on Sunday at the regular Academic reunion were the Misses Hayes and Sheekey.

—Thanks are due, to Miss B. Morrison, for the gift of a game of "Lotto."

—The distinguished writer, Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, of Chicago, passed a day or two at the Academy.

—The prize for good deportment in the Minim department was given by Father General to Fannie Spencer.

—Among the names of those in the Junior department who received 100 in lessons last week, those of Lizzie Norris and Margaret Smith were accidentally omitted.

—By mistake, the names of Miss Nellie Donnelly and Miss Alice White were omitted in the account of the reception to full membership in the Sodality of the Children of Mary.

—Respectful acknowledgments are due from the young ladies in charge of St. Edward's Reading-room to the Sister-Superior of the Academy of the Sacred Heart, near Fort Wayne, for the gift of "The Game of Mythology."

—Very Rev. Father General, who prides himself on his position as head of the French department at St. Mary's, cordially institutes the competition for a prize to be awarded to the Junior who will at the end of the year evince the greatest improvement in French conversation. Mrs. M. Stumer, of Chicago, has for this purpose presented a gold medal.

—The rendering of Owens' *Ave Maria* on Thursday the 11th was very fine. The Misses Bruhn, Hale and Walsh deserve praise, and must be congratulated on their superior voices, and the great improvement they have made. The music of the day, both vocal and instrumental, was exceptionally good. The Misses Gove, Shephard, Carney, Barlow and Sheekey played beautifully, and the vocal chorus was very fine.

—On Monday evening, the Prefect of Studies was invited to St. Edward's Reading-room, and Miss Williams, on the part of the pupils of St. Luke's Studio, in a graceful address, presented two large panels—one of "morning glories," the other of "golden rod" and "asters," and a beautiful "rose piece," the three richly framed in red cheery. Cordial thanks are returned for the prized addition to the treasures of the reading-room. The paintings are from the skillful young artists of the Studio, and testify to their great improvement.

—"New Arts" was performed by the Juniors and Minims in the Juniors' recreation-room on Tuesday, the 16th. The characters were well

taken; the principal ones, exceedingly well. Lily Van Horn as "Madame Affable," Belle Snowhook as "Miss Fairbanks," Clara Richmond as "Miss Eastlake," and Grace Regan as "Miss Holmes," could not be excelled. The "Reception" was complete. The little people had the advantage of the Seniors in the space allotted them for the display of their beautiful movements. Very Rev. Father General expressed his unqualified admiration, and said he hoped the pupils of the three departments would hold themselves in constant readiness to repeat "New Arts" before distinguished visitors. The Misses Regan and Stumer recited with excellent effect.

—The play of Thursday, in welcome to Father General, was the event of the week; the success of the performers, the topic of conversation. As prizes were offered, good judges named the Misses Fuller, Barlow, Williams and S. St. Clair as most deserving. The appreciation of the idea involved in the drama—"New Arts," was excellent throughout, but the four main characters were remarkably well chosen. To Miss Fuller was awarded a valuable *Souvenir du Grand Four*, with the words, "a little acknowledgment of superior merit in the 'New Arts,' to Miss Fuller, from her friend E. Sorin, Dec. 12, '84." To Miss Barlow was awarded a pair of velvet panels, with landscapes in oil; to Miss St. Clair an antique seal, delicately carved; to Miss Williams a very handsome wall banner. Misses Bruhn and Danforth performed their parts well. The beauty of the tableau, *Sedes Sapientiae* at the close of the entertainment is greatly praised.

—The beautiful statue of St. Catherine of Alexandria—from the establishment of the Italian Artist, Mr. T. Carli, 66 Notre Dame Street, Montreal, Canada,—arrived on Wednesday evening. Very Rev. Father General superintended in person the unpacking of the precious image, and deputed the proper persons to place it on its pedestal in the Library. The coloring is charming beyond description. The delicate lavender of the robe, shaded into the blue lining of the royal crimson mantle is a master-piece of artistic blending, and the same marvellous touch is revealed in the folds of the veil draped across the bosom; also in the life-like, rich glow of the complexion, and the exquisite moulding of the noble head and features, and of the hands and feet. The face, figure and bearing are true to the description of the saint, and tell her history with a touching power and pathos. The crown of golden roses, the martyr's palm, the huge wheel studded with sharp prongs,—all tell their own story—the latter of pagan intolerance and cruelty, the former of the sublime victory achieved by a young, tenderly-reared, pure Christian soul over the adulation, the artifice and the bigoted malice of a tyrant. St. Catherine was a royal maiden, who lived at Alexandria in the third century. She was not only admired for her extraordinary beauty, but for her great talents and learning. The Emperor Maximin, when she was denounced to him as a Christian, determined to overcome her constancy, and for this purpose, as his own powers of persuasion could not move her,

gathered together the most distinguished and skillful philosophers of the empire in order to confound her. Catherine, though but eighteen years of age, far from shrinking in presence of the august and learned assemblage, answered their arguments, designed to confute her Christian belief, with such modesty, clearness and power that on the spot, with one accord, they renounced their vain philosophies and embraced Christianity. As was to be expected, the exasperated Emperor condemned them to be burned.

This mode of martyrdom, however, he considered too gentle for the audacious princess who had robbed the empire of its great men, and who defied his imperial orders, and she was sentenced to be tortured upon "an engine made of four wheels joined together," and armed "with sharp-pointed spikes, that when the wheel was moved her body might be torn in pieces." From this she was miraculously delivered. The unhappy Emperor, unmoved by this marked interposition of Heaven, grew more furious than ever, and, at his command, the young and beautiful girl was beheaded. The eloquence, learning and wonderful intellect of St. Catherine, has made her the patroness of Christian philosophers, and of Christian education. The mild, blue eyes of the delicate maiden, the gentle, girlish grace and purity, the steadfast courage and firmness of faith of the fair child who lived and suffered for God, fifteen hundred years ago, are sweetly and marvellously represented in the statue which now adorns the Library of St. Mary's.

Dignity of Character.

Dignity is not egotism, nor is it pride, in the common acception of the term,—though one devoid of this characteristic might rank the three traits in the same category. The human being who has arrived at the age of discretion, if it be his good fortune to be born in a Christian country, with his first knowledge learns that he is created in the Divine image and likeness. Not only is he taught this as regards himself, but that he is only one of a countless race created to the same majestic likeness. Furthermore, all are born to fulfil the most sublime possible destiny—"To serve God in this world, and to be happy with Him in the next."

It is but rational that this knowledge should impress a thinking being with deep esteem for the human soul—for his own as well as for the souls of others. This impression imparts dignity of character. The person who thoroughly esteems the benefits bestowed upon him by his Creator becomes thoroughly charitable. He beholds in everyone of his fellow-creatures a being dear to his Infinite Benefactor, and gratitude to God makes him compassionate and loving toward all His creatures. Pride, ambition to subjugate others, cannot exist with real dignity of character. Just in proportion as interior dignity departs, the mind grows narrow and selfish. Principles of right and wrong, truth and error become confused, and we find as the re-

sult unbalanced minds and hard hearts. We see the miser and his equally unhappy brother—the spendthrift. We see the despot and the truckling sycophant, the inebriate, and the equally foolish man who is austere out of pride as the cynic, the storic, or the hypocrite.

It would seem that sincerity is but another name for worth. Sincerity is humble, consequently, unpretentious. The humility which is the outgrowth of the dignity we speak of is not unduly diffident, however, but it forms the foundation of real courage, and while retiring and unobtrusive when there is no demand for action, its possessor, when circumstances require, is foremost at the post of danger, and is to be relied on in every emergency, while the shallow boaster is nowhere to be found. Dignity of character is something to be carefully studied, particularly now, when grave subjects are so often treated with levity.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Adderly, M. Bruhn, L. Blaine, N. Brady, E. Call, L. Carney, C. Congdon, S. Dunne, A. Dwan, M. Dillon, E. Donnelly, A. Donnelly, M. Fuller, A. Gordon, B. Gove, C. Ginz, C. Griffith, M. Hale, A. Heckard, B. Heckard, L. Hayes, L. Hutchinson, B. Kearney, N. Kearns, C. Lang, M. Munger, T. McSorley, A. McSorley, J. McHale, M. Newman, E. O'Connell, H. Ramsey, E. Rose, M. Reinholdt, D. Reynolds, M. Scully, C. Scully, L. Sheekey, M. Shea, M. Schmidt, E. Taylor, L. Walsh, A. White. *2d Tablet*—Misses R. Eisenstadt, C. Fehr, F. Henry, A. Murphy, A. Schidler, S. St. Clair, L. St. Clair.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses M. Barr, A. High, F. Hertzog, L. Norris, E. Preston, C. Prudhomme, C. Richmond, G. Regan, N. Sheekey, B. Snowhook, M. Smith, G. Searls, G. Stadler, L. Trask, L. Van Horn. *2d Tablet*—Misses O. Boyer, S. Campeau, M. Cox, E. Hagan, M. McEwen, H. Stumer.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Blaine, E. Burtis, E. Chapin, F. Johnson, L. Johns, V. Johns, M. Lindsey, D. Lee, B. Murray, F. Spencer, A. Schmauss, S. Van Fleet.

ART DEPARTMENT.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

DRAWING—CRAYON.

2D LASS—Misses M. Fuller, C. Fehr.

ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

3D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses Munger, T. McSorley, Lang, Eisenstadt, Fuller, Stadler, Trask, Kearney, E. Walsh, C. Scully, Keyes, McHale, Reinhold, Addie Gordon, Alice Gordon, M. Hawkins, L. St. Clair.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

Misses C. Richmond, A. English.

PAINTING ON CHINA.

Miss L. Van Horn.

OIL-PAINTING.

2D CLASS—Misses Sheekey, Dunne, Heckard, Williams.

3D CLASS—Misses A. Shephard, M. Hale.

GENERAL DRAWING.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses High, E. Sheekey, Trask, Keyes, McEwen, Campeau, Quill, Hertzog, Prudhomme, Stumer, Spencer, M. Cox, Allen, Barry, Murphy, Malbœuf, Lindsey, Schmauss, Johnson, Searls, Hagen, Boyer, Lee, Chapin, Van Fleet, Murray, Burtis, L. Johns, V. Johns, E. Blaine, Barr.